

/276 cont. /

511 the Indian who furnished the tribe with square stone grindstones
463 used to polish hard woods and sharpen bone and iron tools was con-
595 sidered particularly /277/ competent, and the benefits of his work
412 elieved him of any farming.

634 One also finds the improvident. The chief of all the villages
661 of the Rio Vermelho, whose host we were at Kejara, for several
426 years had used his authority for personal profit. Numerous were
the natives who, having cleared, planted, and harvested for him,
thus had possession of veritable mortgages. From this improvidence
[126] /sic/ we had to obtain ritual objects considered precious. For
[437] Tuxawa, who alone was able to dispose of them, had found, in
trading them, a means of obtaining clothing, ornaments, weapons,
and tools, of which he kept nothing and which served to pay off all
[614] his debts. Since in truth his power was limited by the clan chiefs
with whom he held endless conferences before each sale, our
objects of exchange were undoubtedly used in large part for com-
missions and jugs of wine which produced agreement.

556 These differences in resources have a personal character. But
skill in hunting or fishing and abundance of the products of the
earth are secondary elements of good fortune. A more hereditary
[237] type of wealth is constituted by pendants of ounce teeth or pins of
macaco teeth, or also the long belts made of small fragments of
tucum nuts, armadillo scales, and shells, which no present, no
matter how sumptuous, will induce a woman to part with and which
are in fact the result of the labors and hunts of many generations.

556 One day we met a woman in festival costume who was wearing
123 a particularly fine pin on her neck (Pl. X. A, in background /see
p. 48 /). Confronted with a mountain of presents, she left with-
out saying a word, and a few minutes later we saw her return with-
out the precious jewel which she never wore again during our stay.

[52] After many efforts we were able to obtain another, less fine example,
but as soon as the transaction became known, it provoked real fury
among the feminine element in the village, which did not spare us
[428] any insults. These ornaments seem to be passed on from mother
or grandmother to daughter or grandddaughter by deed of gift.

844
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[76] denied water burial.¹

553 If the dreams were good, the child will be brought into
[787] the village and soon given a name. We have already seen the
[772] meaning of namegiving: it takes the child apart from nature;
[533] it brings him into society. He becomes a separate being. It
is a cultural act and is accompanied by songs, especially
[302] the songs of the child's clan. For the first time the child
[237] is ornamented with paint and feathers, and his mother cries.
[693] She cries in all ceremonies of the life cycle. Each one of
[152] them takes her child farther away from her. Bakororo is
[534] also there, playing the ika: the Aroe are acknowledging the
[775] arrival of a new member. In his formal presentation to the
Aroe the child is raised high toward the west so that Bakororo
[304] can see it. The naming and the perforation of the lip are
[593] done by one of the child's older brothers; the names given
[614] to the child are his clanic ancestral names. The child be-
comes a member of the human race, but particularly a member
of his own clan. He is still not a full member of the society.
[787] After all, if one of his parents remembers that his dreams
[523] were bad, the child can still be killed. They will have to
[764] put ornaments on him and sing "Roya Kurireu" and "Roya

¹
This practice reveals yet another contrast between nature and culture which has not been previously mentioned. Earth is associated with nature, water with culture. The Ivaqududoge, natural people, make the world; the first water came from the extended hands of the cultural hero Baitogogo. The ditch for the temporary burial in the middle of the village is dug by women; the men take the basket with the painted bones and ornaments to a lagoon for the final burial.

553 Mugureu" (the two most important Bororo songs of the funeral
533 cycle) over his body, but they will not choose his repre-
764 sentative or make a poari in his memory, and he will be
buried in earth rather than in water.

881 All the important cultural components which have been
501 seen in naming are also present in initiation: ornaments,
533 songs, Bakororo with the ika, the crying of the mother, and
539 a new name. But there are some differences and many impor-
162 tant additions. This time a relationship is established with
553 a clan of the opposite moiety. The child becomes part of
616 the larger human society, not just of his own family. Fur-
562 thermore, he is leaving the company of the women and becoming
764 a man. An initiation can only be held when there is a
881 funeral ceremony. When the flesh of the dead person for
616 whom the funeral ceremony is being held has decomposed, the
571 child's brothers start to discuss whom to choose as his
yorubodare; when the belongings of the deceased are burned,
the boy is officially given to his yorubodare; when marenaruye
(dirges) are sung, the sheath is put on the boy's penis. The
society is at the same time bidding farewell to one of its
members and welcoming another. Also, the boy is entering
the important system of exchange of ceremonies and food. Sev-
eral times during the ceremonies the boy's lineage and that
881 of his yorubodare exchange food. He has grown up and his
831 penis should be covered. The dress invented by Bakororo dis-
616 tinguishes men from boys, and humans from animals. The first
825 penis sheath is black, a sign of maturity. Mature women, when
922

773 /147/ In the legend of Ké-Marugodu (v. pages 175, 176,
593 and 181 of the present book /not included in this translation/.
Adugoedu, the jaguar, recommends to his wife that she should
not laugh and not play with other men. When, in spite of
this, she is led to laugh by Ké-Marugodu, the lizard, she
[616] falls dead in the same instant. Referring to the separation
of the sexes of the exogamous "halves," we have already
found out "that any look or smile between persons of different
sex and diverse 'half' is generally considered evil and immoral."
Undoubtedly, jealousy is one of the motives of this custom
and of that passage quoted from the legend of Ké-Marugodu.

• 152 Among the Bororo, both sexes show jealousy. Not
578 rarely the jealousy of the women leads them to true duels.
562 We know of the duel of the women of the Chamacoco
(Baldus: *Indianerstudien*, p. 62). Karl von den Steinen (o.c.,
p. 454) describes that of the Bororo in the following manner:
"When the contention within the hut reached the culminating
point, it was concluded by a kind of fight. They went running
out to the plaza; Xantippe seemed to be the impartial one.
Talking and gesticulating in a lively fashion, she placed three
women on one side, and Maria, alone, in front of them. One
of the three advanced with a great leap, and Maria went to
meet her. They got each other by the waist, and a fierce
fight began. And within a few seconds they formed the center
of a thick clew of curious and combatants, a clew that turned
in the center and in conjunction with a larger and looser mass
/148/ along the houses. There was a mad pushing and pressing,
the men laughing, leaping, beside themselves with pleasure,
the women howling at their utmost, while the two adversaries
held on to each other, firmly embraced and caught by the
hair. Finally, they were separated by force."

578 Among the Bororo visited by me, the woman, for the
711 duel, tied oblong pieces of the hide armed with the spines
of the tail of the fresh-water ray, on the inner side on the
front joints of the finger. The men do the same thing, and
try to scratch the adversary with this, striking him and

/148 cont./

578 embracing him. Besides this, the men tie some whole skins
411 of the tail of the ray on the calves of the leg and then throw
[123] the leg between the upper parts of the enemies' thighs. In
the missions as well as in Tori-paru I was able to acquire
these weapons. Not only by means of them, but also with
their nails pointed especially for this purpose, the women
[562] scratch the face and the body of the antagonist. While doing
it, they utter many sharp screams, while the men fight in
silence, except, if the ounce were the adversary, they would
try to irritate it by means of shouting.

562 The Bororo women do not fight only because of jealousy,
578 but also when their children do some harm to one another or
521 when they themselves get furious because of some gossip.
• 152 Quickly they become friends with one another, in order to
be able to tell scandalous stories about friends. By doing
this, they try to find out the secrets of the new friend,
gossiping about her afterwards in the same way as about the
/148/ others. The men likewise are masters at lying and
slandering. And as happens with all the gossipers of the
world, the Bororo too, man and woman, are supersensitive;
and easily become irritated when someone finds something
to say about them themselves.

586 Neither sex severely protects conjugal fidelity. In
178 this respect the director of the mission of Meruri told me
593 "In the past they would separate when the marriage was not
going well; today, however, the marriages being Christian,
and thus indissoluble, the husband would thrash the woman."
As I found out, at times these beatings go as far as homicide.
It is said that even in the past too, although rarely, it would
happen that the man would kill the woman, and that, on the
other hand, it would also happen that the woman's relatives
liquidated him with some vegetal poison.

562 If the Salesian padres affirm that the position of the
114 woman in the past was worse than today, and that now in
797

dren. The mourners, especially the women, wail loudly and further express their grief by cutting themselves so deeply with sharpened mussel shells that their blood runs onto the mat that covers the corpse.

At sundown the body is wrapped in the sleeping mat. If the deceased is a man, his bow and arrows are wrapped with him, and the bundle is taken out to the plaza. All the villagers gather

[p. 40-E]

[text continues on p. 41-A]

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[152]
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Mr. KORAK, of Cornell University of Peruán, has visited many of the Brazilian Indian tribes. This report was prepared in collaboration with Dr. ROBERT L. CARVER, Assistant Curator of South American Ethnology at THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, and Dr. CHRISTINE E. DALL, a Lecturer in Anthropology, New York University.

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128

At the Village of Jati

round the corpse and sing funeral songs throughout the night to the accompaniment of the monotonous and rhythmical sound of gourd rattles.

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[534]

The next morning, while a few young men are busy digging a temporary grave near the men's house, the kin of the deceased gash themselves as before, leaning over the covered corpse so that the blood will flow onto it. Laceration of the arms, head, breasts, and legs is repeated many times during the subsequent weeks of funerary rituals. As another gesture of mourning, the nearest kin tear out some of their hair, while more remote relatives cut their hair short. Thenceforth, the mourners' hair is left uncut until the mourning period of a year or longer is over.

[152]
[304]

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[602]

When the temporary grave has been dug in the plaza, the body is interred so that it lies less than a foot below the surface of the ground. At frequent intervals, quantities of water are poured on it to hasten decomposition.

764

To sustain themselves during the ensuing weeks of exhausting rituals, the Bororo lay in large stores of food. During the early stages of the funerary ceremony the men catch great quantities of fish. A lake near the village supplies them with *jari*, a huge member of the catfish family, which sometimes attains a weight of 150 pounds and which the Bororo shoot with bows and arrows.

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[262]

Smaller fish are taken in rivers by drugging them with *timbo*, a vegetable poison obtained by crushing certain vines. *Timbo* stupefies or kills fish, but does not affect the quality of the flesh for human consumption. (The active ingredient in *timbo* is rotenone, now widely used in this country as an insecticide.) For this operation the men build a weir across a stream. The fish try to escape the poisoned water through a chute in the weir. As they pass through, they are caught in large nets, then dried and smoked over a low fire, furnishing several days' food for the entire community.

[36]

[278]

[251]

[p. 41-A]

relative of the deceased, who shoulders ⁷⁶⁵
 the basket and carries it to the men's ^[602]
 house. As she sits outside the house,
 holding the basket in her lap, the other
 female kin of the deceased once more ^[304]
 gash their arms and breasts, and allow ^[152]
 their blood to run onto the basket. The
 men once again shake their gourd ^[533]
 rattles and sing the songs and lamenta-
 tions they intoned at the time of death.

MEANWHILE, several men begin to ⁷⁶⁵
 decorate the skull, which is ⁵³¹
 placed on a newly woven mat resting
 on the jaguar skin. After smearing it
 with resin, they press red, blue, yellow,
 and white feathers on the surface in
 a traditional pattern. Women may
 witness the decoration of the skull; in
 fact, while it is being adorned, they
 spill the blood from their fresh mourn-
 ing wounds on it.

The other bones are decorated with
 urucú and bands of feathers, and

[p. 46-C]

[text continues on p. 48-A]

CHAPTER XXXII.

**LIFE AMONG THE BORORÓ.—EYED CONSTANTLY
BY A HORDE OF NUDE SAVAGES.—ASTONISH-
ING MAKE-UPS.—PRIMITIVE HOUSEKEEP-
ING AND SANITATION.—HORTICULTURE.
—FOODS.—VEGETABLE COWS.—A
WONDERFUL PALM.**

361
[33] AFTER nearly two months of horseback riding and camp-
ing, we arrived at the confluence of the river Pogúbu, or
Ponte de Pedra, and the Rio Vermelho, which is about forty
miles north of the junction of the former river with the
[103] São Laurenço. Here, we found a large Bororó village, called
[22] the Tá Dáre Mão Páro—potato bank—where we remained
several weeks, camping in a stake-walled, palm-branch roofed
hut that had been erected a quarter of a mile from the Indian
village by my companion. We had to cross the river Pogúbu,
which we did in a small, dugout canoe made by Senhor An-
tonio, and swam our horses over. It is about two hundred
[133] yards wide at this point, deep, and has a strong current. A
heavy rain storm broke just as we were within a few hundred
yards of our destination, so we rushed our entire cavalcade
right into the big, open hut.

123
[52] When our arrival became known at the primitive metrop-
olis, and it was known instantly, our hut began to fill with
our nude and painted fellow beings of all ages and both sexes,
who came to observe us and to examine all the marvelous
things that we had brought from our wonderful, and to them,
enchanted world. They flocked in upon us regularly at dawn

Brazil.

each day during the weeks that we remained in their vicinity, and stayed by us faithfully until dark; and though coming and going continually, we had always a full house. If I opened a trunk, they were on the alert to peer into it, and to handle whatever struck their fancy. When we ate, every mouthful of food we took and our manner of eating; or if we wrote, or conversed, or photographed, or made our toilet, our every act was observed with the closest attention and commented upon in muttering tones by the horde of naked savages that encircled us, of which the women and children formed the outer ring.

They sat or lounged upon our boxes, benches and tables, or what served as a table, leaned against the stake walls of our hut, sat cross-legged on dry ox-hides on the ground, or upon flat stones or slabs of wood, or squatted around our pot of food as it boiled at the camp-fire, eyeing it hungrily, always leaving a patch of red grease on anything they sat upon or reclined against. A few dozed occasionally; some smoked when they could get a bit of tobacco; others roasted hunks of beef at our fire, or lazily picked off and ate the kernels from a roasted ear of corn; several nibbled pieces of the heart of a dwarf palm; while others, the boys, slowly devoured bits of fish that had been roasted black, peeling back the skin and scales as they ate; or amused themselves shooting with rude bows and arrows at a stump just outside our hut. The men gossiped a little among themselves in guttural sounds, looking vacantly into space as expressionless as a professional gambler, and never once glancing toward the one addressed; or else asked us a few questions in the limited language that we knew in common. They would sit for hours at a time in every conceivable position and distortion of the body, uttering scarcely a word.

They are very fond of tobacco, and resorted to various tricks to obtain a small piece. Whenever they did any work for us, or made a trade, they invariably demanded a piece of tobacco from my companion in part payment. Besides trading, they availed themselves of numerous expedients to obtain

Brazil.

437 signs than by words. "Caiba?" again said my companion to the second copper-colored figure. "Big knife," he replied. The third man explained by shivering and acting cold, and going through the motions of drawing on a shirt and pulling it down, that he wanted a shirt; while the fourth and fifth wanted cloth.

To the first, we explained by words and signs, "Axe, none, —tramp, tramp many days—mule, one—trail bad." Neither did we have a shirt for the third man. But he insisted upon having one, saying, "Boi, sick; Boi, cold"—me sick, me cold. I was uncertain what to do to satisfy him and obtain his beautiful bow and arrow. But at this juncture, one of our men, a stripling of nineteen years, came to the rescue, offering his undershirt on condition that I get him another. When the garment was brought in, however, and displayed to the big Bororó, and was seen to be even smaller than its slim owner, the savage exclaimed in dismay, "*Baikymo!*"—no, no, me fat! and he passed his hands over his big body. Finally, I remembered that I had a small tent which I could not use. This I tore up and made all the men happy who wanted cloth and shirts. The Bororó do not appear to make any use of the skins of animals for covering, and apparently, have no knowledge of tanning.

[571] They always joined in helping one of their number who was making a trade with us, by lauding the object offered, and demanding a good return from us. We were sometimes flooded with certain articles of their manufacture. One day, [532] some queer little dolls were brought to me, which I traded for [126] as I had none; but the next day I was surfeited with them as they are easily made.

• 152 The little black box, my camera, caused the savages much anxiety. They would take to their heels whenever they saw me pointing it toward them. It is useless to try to explain to them how it works, for it is so far beyond their comprehension that they cannot possibly understand it. It is an inscrutable mystery to them, and they regard it with superstitious fear. A contrivance that can stamp and preserve in

Brazil

its obscure heart an exact image of anything it winks at, must be some wicked device of the *bopi*-demons. The savage believes that any one having his picture may practice some black art over it and bring evil upon the original; that, as one may do what he wishes with the image, he likewise has power over the real man. Moreover, if one is such a powerful conjurer that he can secure that image, What may he not do with the original? I had to bribe them with valuable gifts in order to secure a number of pictures. 000
[754]
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The Bororó, like other South American tribes, dwell in gloomy palm-branch huts that resemble squatty, old haystacks huddled together in complete disorder in the coarse grass and among the scraggy trees of the upland jungle. They are constructed by first planting two posts in the ground twenty or thirty feet apart, ten feet high, and terminating in a fork, to support the ridge pole, which is held in position by means of creepers from the forest, instead of nails. Against the ridge pole, are reclined and bound, the rafters, the feet of which are sunk slightly in the ground and the upper ends are bound to the ridge pole. Bamboo poles are next bound horizontally to these rafters, while upright stakes are set in at the gables; and finally, to the entire frame-work, are bound huge, feather-shaped palm-branches, to shed the rain, and exclude the light because of the flies. The primitive residence is now complete. The only light that enters is what filters through the palm-branches. To enter, one pushes aside the palm-branches at one end and enters in a stooping position. 342
[361]

These strange, uncouth dens of savagery, are dark, unclean, and ill-smelling, and so devoid of every object considered absolutely essential to a civilized human abode, that it is difficult to comprehend that they are the dwellings of true human beings—the homes of multitudes of real men, women and children; where they are born, reared and pass their days, and the only abodes they have ever known. Entering one of these human lairs, we find it more or less strewn with decaying food refuse, such as bones and other rejected parts of fish, mammals, birds and reptiles; shells, stones and peelings. [364]

/448 cont. /

291 native straw cuff; as soon as they were outside the walls of the city
177 they took everything off, packed up the finery, and merely kept
their green cards around their necks for a few more days as a
memento of the conversion.

142 They were tall, sturdy chaps, striking on account of thick
forehead bulges, without eyebrows and lashes. They were de-
177 lighted with the sights of Cuyabá, where they were spoiled like
children, except that they were given alcohol instead of sweets.

• [192] They were particularly delighted with Wilhelm's opera hat;
they greeted the snapping sound with a bear-growl hu hū of
laughter and slapped Wilhelm on the shoulder in appreciation.

[262] When they were in the house with us they always wanted to drink
or to eat "mandioca" or "tapira," which meant beef and not
tapir, or to sleep or comb their hair. They found friends every-
where, and when they stood with us at the house door every
passing Negress would nod to them sociably: "Ah, the compadres!
How are you, compadre? Está bom, compadre."

114 On 14 March 1888 we set out to visit Thereza Christina, but
we were obliged to forgo visiting Izabel. Duarte was staying
longer in Cuyabá and wanted to join us later. The Bakairi
Antonio and the two comrades /Kameraden here means peons/,
Carlos and Peter, accompanied us. The mules were once again
in such good condition that we were able to use the best ones as
riding animals.

122 Our first destination, the old military colony, lies 16°32', 6
[131] south latitude and 0°59', 9 east of Cuyabá on the right bank
of the S. Lourenço, almost exactly /Pl. XXV appears here/
[133] /449/ southeast of Cuyabá. We were obliged to cross a few
tributaries of the Rio Cuyabá, climb the chapada /plateau/, and,
half-way there, on 18 March, reached the Fazenda S. José at
an altitude of 555 meters above the plaza of the Cuyaban
cathedral or matriz /mother church/. To the southwest of it,
lower down, are the fazendas of Cupim and Palmeiras, which
chiefly provide for the colonies. Beyond S. José the country
is uninhabited; the small white farm, walled like a fortress,
appears in deep solitude a depression between bare slopes covered
[Text Continues on P. 553]

/465 cont. /

000 Their hatred toward the administrator increased to a small uprising when one of their comrades was locked up because of his calumny to the effect that he had made propositions to his house-mate and promised her a new dress from his supply room. They wanted to make an assault upon the jail and shoot Ildefonso, "this family man." They were calmed after it was pointed out that Duarte was arriving soon and would settle the dispute. Ildefonso, however, was very excited. He had only said good day to the girl. In former times, he would not deny it, he had permitted himself such things, but now "a woman was only an ideal" for him, he said.

[m] Duarte's arrival. On 11 April toward noon, loud cries and great excitement: "dyuáte, dyuáte!" They emerged from the woods -- no operetta could offer anything handsomer. Fourteen Bororó, one behind the other, barefoot, in snow-white sailor suits trimmed with red braid, in wide-brimmed, bright straw hats, from under which the long black hair flowed out in waves, with thick red tufted tassels and fluttering red bows, on which was written "Colonia Thereza Christina." Swords with decorated belts and hilts, large round whiskey bottles, here and there an open sunshade. And behind them Duarte on horseback and three chiefs mounted on mules, in marine-blue uniforms, with red galloons as wide as a hand, which contrasted sharply with the bare feet, guns in their hands, and on their sleeves gleaming brass shields with the inscription "Voluntarios da patria." Long live Donna Carmina, Madame President! For this is the catechesis of the Excellentissima Senhora! The sturdy fellows looked splendid enough as they came striding along in the sunshine and marched straight up to the main building; fixedly they stared straight ahead with terribly grave mien, really "fixedly," for they did not even cast a sidelong glance at the loudly howling women and children, who seemed mad with joy.

177
152 Even in the dining room they maintained their solemn com-
posure. Like strangers they sat on the benches around the table and along the wall, a sharp contrast to their /466/ boisterous naked fellow-tribesmen. Four women in particular were lamenting

/466 cont./ Four women in particular were lamenting

- 177 pitifully, their faces bathed in tears, and reported on the events
● 152 since the parting; the most excited one cut the skin on her breast,
785 arms, and legs and, in wild distress, with her wet, loam-yellow body
streaming with blood, writhed before her husband sitting stiffly
on the bench in his theatrical costume.

000 The commander of the colony was followed, on 12 April, by
two huge carts loaded with goods, each of which was drawn by a
dozen oxen. For the soldiers a change took place when, in the
evening orders, it was announced that the sale of alcoholic
spirits was to be suspended from now on in view of the fact that
many had been intoxicated when the Lieutenant arrived.

After such business was finished, Duarte was given a proper
welcome by his subjects on the following day. First at breakfast
with good port wine. To be sure, two cadets drank from one
glass, but there was a shortage of the stuff. Duarte himself was
very moderate out of consideration for his liver. The wine was
followed by a collection of bottles of light export beer, the labels
of which reminded us of home: the brewery was in Hannover. Six
toasts were drunk to Duarte, as a Paraguayan soldier, as a family
man, etc.; again and again he was offered a wealth of eulogies,
to all of which he responded with a friendly "obrigado," "thank
you very much."

This session, however, was merely a prelude to the "serenade"
in the evening: Caldas violin, Duarte guitar, Ildefonso coxô
fiddle. It turned into a fine, jolly evening, and it filled us with
the greatest respect for Brazilian drinking ability; I would never
have believed that there could be such hearty guzzling in the
sertão. Two good-sized cases of beer were emptied to the last
drop before the liquor came. But even more endless was the
stream of talk. I dedicated my toast to the originator of the
Bororó catechesis, President Galdino Pimentel, who is not to blame
if wrong methods were subsequently adopted, and in this way I
avoided the dilemma of lying or offending needlessly. Duarte
thereupon also spoke and rather well. He was dissatisfied with
the government; the "governo ingrato" was blamed for whatever
prevented conditions from being perfect. It was also unfair that

/486 cont. /

461 worked so neatly and carefully that the masters of the catechesis should have been delighted. Even the idiot Dyapokuri was incessantly busy, though he would now and then regale the others with a little joke of a voluntary or involuntary nature.

252 On days when there was no hunting, there were about 40 men happily at work in the baitó. Meanwhile the women would be cooking in the huts and now and then one of the men would disappear to fetch food. As soon as he returned and became visible
264 [152] in the wall there were individual "hm hm" of appreciation, and scarcely had he drawn in his arm holding aloft the steaming dish, appearing last, when, with a general shrill ah! the whole company would shout for joy. Large pot-bowls were filled with thick, [262] sourish maize mush or maize gruel, and on top /487/ lay large river mussels to be scooped up with a spoon. Then Moguyokuri would stride about, place his strong hand on the thick skulls of a number of young or old, and the chosen ones would squat around the pot and resolutely dig /Figs. 139-140 appear here/ their shell spoons into the mush. Anyone comparing this patriarchal tableau with the scene of the Brazilian meat distribution (page 562) was bound to be filled with righteous indignation at that disgraceful business.

252 The idiot Dyapokuri roasted the beef that was snatched during the "feeding of the animals." He fetched fire from one of
372 the huts. Fire no longer had to be kindled by rubbing, because
[177] the administration furnished Swedish matches. The original method of the Bororó was the same as on the Kulisehu. Canella brava, Pseudocaryophyllus sericeus, was regarded as the best wood.

412 There was, of course, no longer anything to be seen of stone
[177] axes and cutting fish teeth; axes and knives were present in abundance. But all kinds of things from the old days were still
[237] to be observed. For instance, the Bororó, when they ate, cut off pieces of meat in front of their mouths with bamboo splinters; as a scraping chisel they used the capibara tooth, up to eight centimeters long, fastened to a small stick cf. Fig. 26 /see p. 205/ from the Schingú and, in the present connection, Fig. 139 /see p. 609/; they filed this tooth with the tooth of the paca

/508 cont. /

765
[152] Meanwhile Coqueiro also arrived, holding a child by the hand. He sat down quietly to one side, sobbed and wept. He wore no ornament, except the black cord around his waist, which he had spun and plaited out of his wife's hair. His cheeks were wet with tears; he squeezed his eyes shut as though weeping were painful.

Gradually the vault of the skull was covered with red arara velvet. If a person had to wipe off his hands, he used the basket. Some of those present soon no longer paid any attention to the celebration. The children were running about gaily, a few men were munching on ears of maize and working, a couple of women were delousing each other, but kept on singing devoutly. It also became emptier.

765
785 One eventually became drowsy from all the whirring and booming tones. A drummer joined in, a pelt of small parrot feathers pasted on his arms. The room filled up again. Seven women stepped up to the old bone-basket, scratched themselves, and placed their feet on it so that their blood soaked the straw too. Cf. Plate 29 /see p. 633/. The wounds were two to three centimeters apart, a red network covered legs and arms, chests and abdomens. Their facial expression remained calm and showed no pain; the scratching was done with extremely quick movements. They all wrapped their sliver of glass in a leaf, handed [52] it to Coqueiro, and sat down beside him. New groups came to scratch themselves, always only women and girls, and did what the preceding ones had done; each one, before she made a scratch, put the sliver to her mouth and moistened it. Booming and droning, two flutes joined the music of the rattling gourds, the drum, the singing and stamping. The singers danced with incredible endurance. Coqueiro also squatted down beside the basket and scratched his arms, while a woman stood beside him with her child on her back.

765 Toward noon the skull and the basket were finished. In the case of the former, the red velvet cap was interrupted by a pretty yellow cross-line, corresponding to the cranial suture. Snowy white feathers were glued on the new basket, and on either side, in the white area, two rows of red squares, like

/514 cont./

82] great excitement, were puffing in all directions toward the sky,
789 squirting a little saliva from their lips, much as the Kulisehu
Indians had driven away the thunder clouds. They were trembling
and tottering so that one feared they would fall to the ground in
[276] a faint. Then they turned toward the place where the meteor had
appeared, screamed vue! vue! with a threatening, terrified
voice, pressing the hollow of the right hand to the mouth, stretched
the left arm toward heaven, and each held up a bundle of span-
long maize cigarettes. "Here, look at this," they seemed to say,
"all /515/ this tobacco we are spending to drive away the evil.
Woe to you, if you do not leave us in peace!"

[152] A strange mixture of fear and courage, the latter, unfortu-
nately, being tinged with something just as artificial as on the
occasion of the exorcism of the Kayapó danger. The trembling
increased, their entire bodies vibrated, their bent-back heads
wobbled, they touched themselves with twitching movements
and passed their hands over their chests and stomachs in order to
force away everything evil.

[276] After this spectacle had gone on for a while, their cigar
bundles were taken out of their hands and lighted at the fire while
the excited doctors, whimpering and shuddering, caught their
breath for a moment. Half a dozen men got up, took a few puffs
for comfort and strength, and gave the cigars to the baris, who
resumed their cure. They puffed at the whole bundle, howled
even more shrilly and reproachfully toward heaven than before,
stroked their bodies even more assiduously, scratched their heads
vigorously, puffed at their bundle once more, sucked convulsively
at their forearms as though they were drawing the blood up from
the depths, cried vue vue vue ever louder, shook themselves
and blew toward the stars; their joints shook, their muscles flew.

[755] Finally, they suddenly began to look searchingly about them
in the throng, talked to those standing nearest them, pointed
into the crowd, and joined the main group where they undertook
a brief cure of a weak old man, the chief Domingo, and several
of the most esteemed who alone could be involved in such a
special case. They lifted up their heads, looked at them